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ABSTRACT

The items in this booklet represent the writing of Kansas authors in grades eight through 12. Entries vary in form and include descriptive paragraphs, lyric and narrative poetry, personal reflections, expository writing, and short stories. Among the variety of topics chosen for literary focus are life, shoes, a balloon, a teddy bear, loneliness, summer, starvation, funerals, divorce, money, concrete, school, and fairy tales. (MAI)

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YOUNG KANSAS WRITERS

The Bulletin of the
KANSAS
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Forward

The 1978 *Young Kansas Writers* received the honor of being chosen by ERIC, the Clearinghouse on Reading and Communiction Skills, to be microfilmed and made available to its 500 member libraries and information centers. ERIC called *YKW* ". . . a substantial contribution to the literature of education." Four poems from the '78 issue were reprinted in the Hawaii Council of Teachers of English publication *Leaflet*, Vol. 10, No. 3, February, 1979, as illustrations of the "Word Games" the poem can play. We are sure of this issue, as we were of last year's.

We appreciate all of you students and teachers who sent material to us for the *YKW* collection this year. To all of you so alive and well in Kansas, we say thanks.

The Editors

Acknowledgements

The editors wish to thank the following teachers, for without their time and effort this publication would not have been possible: Merrill Boudreaux, Judith Hayn, Ted Berard, Ruth Van Arsdale, Dottie McCrossen, Sister Marie Paula Hardy, Helen Pitman, Mel Riggs, Erma Teichgraeber, Tom Hemmens, Karen Ann Stous, Gary Stenzel and Peggy Shelton.

Young Kansas Writers is sponsored in part by the Kansas Arts Commission and the National Endowment for the Arts.

The Editors

The dust grated in his teeth as he arose off the ground from where the group of children had shoved him. Blood oozed out of his nose. Tears came to his eyes when he saw them. He frantically looked about, his large brown eyes brimming. Then he saw it, a large crumbling brick. He slowly picked it up and walked toward the leader of the group. The leader turned and he smashed the brick into his face; blood spurted. As the leader fell, he threw himself on him, still swinging the now dripping brick. He screamed, "I am not an abstraction! I am not! Not! Not! Not!" The thuds formed a rhythm.

JULY DAWN

Roy Ferguson, 11
Fredonia Senior High

Arise!
Race the sun's rays
Take notice of your life
The daylight awaits your presence
Now, run!

Joni Solander, 8
Santa Fe Middle School
(Newton, Kan.)

The Child's Point of View

It was terrible down there wedged between all those knees. I couldn't get a drink of water, mail a letter, or open a door. Cars were even worse. If I didn't kill myself getting to a window I just sat there staring at the back of the front seat.

Every once in awhile Dad, driving, would say, "You sit down or you're going to break your neck. You know I can't drive and yell at you at the same time!" But that wasn't true, because that was exactly what he was doing.

At the grocery store I was just standing there when without a warning someone would whip me off my feet and force my legs into a grocery cart seat that was so cold my teeth frosted over.

. never got introduced. Sometimes someone would say, "Oh, is this your youngest?" But I seemed to have no name at all.

I took naps when I wasn't sleepy, ate when I wasn't hungry, had sweaters put on me when I was burning up and got thrown into swimming pools when I didn't want to swim.

I was tossed into the air when I had an upset stomach, forced to go to the bathroom whether I had to or not, and told to stop crying when I had a perfectly good reason for doing it.

I never did anything right. I played with my chewing gum, wiped my hands on my shirt, and sniffed instead of using a kleenex. I was told to do all kinds of senseless things and given reasons such as, "Because I said so, that's why!" and told most often that I should have gone before I left the house.

Probably the most confusing thing of all was that people would keep telling me, "This is the best time of your life, so enjoy it."

Chris Hays, 9
Auburn Junior High
(Auburn, Kansas)

REFLECTIONS . . .

In the evening air
trees whisper to each other,
telling tales of the day.

Pat Howard, 12
Abilene High

SLUMBER

Winter trees are hands
Snow sleeps on their fingertips
Dreaming of warm days.

Julie Cross, 12
J. C. Harmon
(Kansas City, Kan.)

Life

As Dickens might say
Man's life is a paradox
Then again it's not

Ken Kenley, 10
Trinity High
(Hutchinson, Kan.)

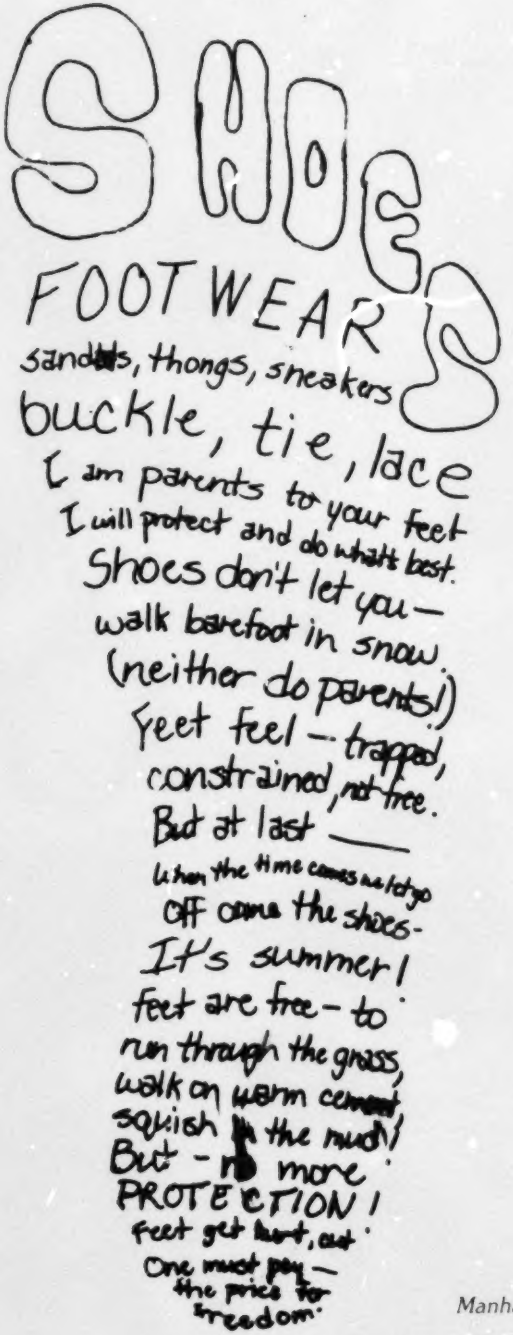
Like Flowers

Like the flowers
We open with the bright sun
And close with the rain

Sylvia Clark, 12
Olathe High

She had a vast
imagination
for such a sensible
girl.
She would stand
at her window for hours,
not wanting to turn and see the pale green bare
walls that surrounded her.
And always her cat sat by her.
She loved to study the curve of the
river through the hills,
and she would tell the cat everything she saw.
The cat just curled his tail
and listened patiently.
On windy days she would watch the movements
of the trees across the river.
She would listen for
sound
from the farm which lay beyond the trees.
The cat would sit and wait for her to remove
the ribbon around her neck
so that it would not blow in his face
or hers.
Sometimes there would be
travelers on the river.
She would occasionally
call out to them,
but they never seemed to hear.
The cat would always
meow to her,
and it would begin to seem that
there was no one in their world
but them.

Nancy Spohn, 11
Fredonia High



Jill Johnson, 9
Manhattan Junior High

Reflections of a Teddy Bear

On a wooden shelf, very close to the ceiling, I lie. The smell of mothballs, radiating from the box of old clothes next to me, fills my black pompon nose and makes me feel like a forgotten specimen shut in a jar of formaldehyde. On the other side sit three large Walker dolls, their blue and red pinafores and shiny black plastic shoes covered by a thin layer of dust. Next to them sits an old black and yellow monkey. His banana-thumb has had the tip chewed off, a little at a time, by various youngsters. The old pink elephant with peanut butter and jelly spots, and the talking doll who talks too fast to be understood any more lie at the other end of the cold shelf.

I, Cupcake, am an old teddy bear. My pink body with white paws, chest, ears, and mouth patch is spotted by blotches of dirt and grease. The pink bow around my neck has faded and has only one loop left. Strings ravel from the ends and fall on my arm. My red felt tongue has been stretched and hangs precariously by a few connecting fibers. My right ear wire has broken, causing my ear to flop forward, and a small rip in my left side seam occasionally allows some of my white shredded foam stuffing to escape. My black plastic disk eyes and soft black pompon nose are still in great shape, and I, considering the circumstances a teddy bear faces, feel that I am still in remarkably fine condition compared to others of my species. My infirmities are merely a trail left by the family offspring who once loved and played with me.

I was such an important part of the children's lives. I was the guest at their tea parties, the patient when they played doctor, and their bedtime protector and pacifier through the dark night. When they were hurt, scared, or worried—I was their mentor. Sitting down with a teddy bear was sure to bring rapid relief from any of life's little woes.

As the children grew though, I became a little less important. Bicycles, Milton Bradley games, baseball, painting and learning how to tie their shoes became the important activities of their lazy days. I sat on the bed, and at night I was remembered and loved. Soon the children were going to school, and I was fortunate if I received a loving pat or hug before they went to sleep at night. I could see it coming, and finally the day arrived when I, like the dolls and other animals before me, was taken and placed on the long wooden shelf in the cool dark closet.

When I was a new teddy bear, some of the favorite toys (other than teddy bears, of course) were rocking horses, pogo sticks, jump ropes, pop guns, baby dolls whose eyes moved and had real looking hair, toy automobiles, plastic soldiers, and play barnyards. Television was black and white, and a child was very seldom found watching it unless Captain Kangaroo or the Saturday morning funnies were on. Today the children play with outerspace toys—that truely look as if they have fallen from some far distant planet to our own. For a doll to be acceptable it must look and feel real, walk, talk, eat, wet, cry and crawl. I haven't even seen an advertisement for a rocking horse. The closest thing to it was a battery operated horse that was five-gaited and could be made to rear and buck. Toy soldiers seem to have been replaced by bionic (whatever that is) and super stretching synthetic dolls.

A teddy bear who comes into the world today has a great amount of competition. He does have one asset that is capable of winning him a place in a child's heart—he's soft and cuddly.

The odor of mothballs encircles my nose, and I now feel lucky to sit on this shelf, preserved for some child who, on some future day, I may help through a rough decision or otherwise gloomy and forbidding night. After all, a teddy bear is still an able bedtime protector.

Paula McLaughlin, 11
Chapman High

MY HEART'S HANGUPS!

I call for his sister.

Oh Gawd — HE answers the phone. I didn't even know he was in town. Obviously he hasn't called to inform me. Though I had decided never to speak to him again he could have at least given me an honest chance. Answering the phone was definitely unfair.

His sister was in bed sick. I mumbled something about having her call me, pronounced my name clearly and hung up. That'll show him, I thought smugly as my heart thumped in my throat and thoughts of murder (his) and suicide (mine) flashed through my brain.

My dad interupts my treacherous plans . . . "Are you finished with that?"

Yes — finished, done, over, at least I had **thought** it was. I know it was for him. He hadn't even called before he left to wish me a Merry Christmas or to say, "goodbye, sorry you can't come with me." It was so stupid. We didn't even fight, it was just over. We both knew it and ironically it had ended with a kiss. After two months how can I, why do I still care?

I don't care. I probably never did. It's just a reflex to fall for your best friend's brother. Isn't it?

Just a "filler" between classes, work and more "lasting" relationships.

Right?

Maybe now that he knows I'm home (I'm home! I'm always home. He's the one that's never home!) he will call and I can politely curse and hang up on him. OR maybe I'll use a more subtle approach . . . "Oh I am sorry but I'm awfully busy this weekend. How 'bout some other time — LIKE WHEN HELL FREEZES OVER!"

Why am I so angry? He doesn't even know I'm angry. Why doesn't he call and ask, "Why are you angry?"

"Huh? Are you?" My dad again. Can't he see I'm having a discussion here? "Yeah, I'm all though with it," I reply.

I've got it. That's the answer. I'll just ignore him like I do my dad. I'll erase him from my memory's chalkboard, sweep him from my soul, bar him from my brain's boundaries, tie my tongue, arrest my actions . . .

I can handle my heart's hangups!

The phone rings.

Oh no! What if that's HIM????

Donita Meagher, 12
Sacred Heart High
Salina, Ks.

MOSAICS

We are all mosaics.
Original creations
Torn into tiny pieces.
And rearranged
At random.

Anna Seaton, 9
Manhattan Junior High

A BALLOON

Blow with all my might
Then tie the end real tight
Stick it with a pin
and then . . .

Brenda Edwards, 8
South Junior High
(Lawrence, Kan.)

P.E. Equals Physical Exhaustion

I hate gym! It used to be my favorite class, but Ms. Finkle, our gym teacher, makes it seem like work. Ms. Finkle wears glasses, is tall, thin, weak, unathletic, and has a bun on the top of her head. Everyone has classes they hate and want to get out of. Mine just happens to be P.E., the class everyone else likes. I tried to get out of gym three times. After that I had writer's cramp so bad I quit trying, for awhile anyway.

My first try went like this:

"Ms. Finkle, I sprained my wrist," I said. She told me to go outside and watch. So I went outside and was cheering and yelling and making remarks like, "It ain't golf we're playin,' Agnes," or "Marge, the glove goes on the other hand."

Finally one of the girls yelled, "Be quiet; you never play! I'll bet you're worse than us!"

"I could whip the tar our of you!" I yelled back. She said, "OK, put your money where your mouth is."

I said, "OK, fifty cents says I make it to second and someone drops the ball."

"Fine," she said.

Well, I slammed the ball toward shortstop. She dropped it while I ran to first and then second — where I bumped into Ms. Finkle.

"How is your wrist?" she asked.

"Fine. Why?" I replied.

Well, now I had four laps (one mile) and a five page report (both sides, don't skip lines or write big).

I should have known better than to try again so soon. This time I used my sprained ankle routine. First I took a paper towel and stuffed it down my sock and around my ankle, achieving a swollen effect. I then limped in to the gym.

"Ms. Finkle, I sprained my ankle. It's swollen real big," I said. She told me to sit out; so I did. I thought I had it made when the bell rang, but, being me, I limped out on the wrong foot! Ms. Finkle isn't as dumb as I thought. She asked me to explain, and before I knew it I had another four laps (one mile) and a ten page report (both sides, don't skip lines or write big).

My third try was pure carelessness. My brain must have taken a vacation that day.

"Ms. Finkle, I got my fingers frostbitten last night. My dad said not to do anything that might hurt them."

She looked at me real carefully to see if I was lying. I must have convinced her because she told me to keep score for the basketball players. At the end of the class she told us if we tried out for basketball, we would not have to take P.E. next semester. Since she would not be the coach I thought I would try out.

After school there were fourteen girls in the gym. That meant two would be cut. I did very well and thought everything would be great, but Ms. Finkle dropped in and I'm on the team, but I have to take an extra lap (one-fourth mile) every day for a week and a two page report on each of the Globetrotters (both sides, don't skip lines or write big).

Elizabeth Walz, Grade 7
Jay Shideler Junior High
(Topeka, Kansas)

REINDEER ROUNDUP

The sun shines
As the clouds move across the sky.

As the reindeer graze
the Inupiat people prepare to sever the reindeer horns.
Along the tundra lies the bright red blood from velvet horns.

Hearing the soft whimper of pain
A chill of sadness runs through my body.

When the work is done, the sky is misty but never dark
I walk to my tent and do my best to keep warm.
Sharing a blanket with my father, the cold creeps in
Half of it is his coldness.

It is hard to understand my native father.
But I am proud to be an Eskimo, Inupiat.
Proud to work with other Eskimos.

For the first time,
I look at families who live in houses smaller than my
white man's room.
Roundups to me are vacation
To the People they are hard work.

Much later, I sit in my room, glancing from scrapbook to
Belongings.
Will all Eskimos ever have these things?
Willie, my Eskimo father, has things like mine,
but my cousins don't.

The life of some Eskimos is sad.
I wonder if my Eskimo father cares.
I wish he would talk to me about those things.

I hope the sadness changes, but
I hope the beauty of the reindeer, the People, and the
land goes on forever.
I hope I can be a part of the change, the reindeer, the
land and the People.

I worked hard at my first reindeer roundup
I will remember that.

(Written after Reindeer Roundup in Kotzebue, Alaska area)

Eric Burcher, 7
Manhattan Junior High

I'M SOMEBODY

Contrary to popular belief,
I am somebody.
I am not a mindless worker who cannot do anything right.
I'm somebody.
I am not a child to be watched and laughed at,
Being a child is my release — not your entertainment.
I am not here when you see me and,
Gone the moment you look away.
I am always somewhere;
And while you needn't think of me all the time,
It would be nice if you acknowledged the fact,
That I am human.
I do have feelings — thoughts —
I just have trouble expressing them.
I do need friends, people,
And I thought maybe you could help me,
But I guess you're too busy to help, or to care.
Anyway, next time you see me — remember —
I am somebody.
And sometimes . . . I get the feeling that I'm the only person who is.

Ann Margaret Cashin, 11
Manhattan High

LONELY

Mama, why you live
With that old man?
Mama, why act like
You don't love me?
Mama, why you slap
My face?
Mama, why you always
Want me home?
Mama, why you want
To pick my friends?
Mama, why you hurt
Me so much?
Mama, help me.
All I ask, is to be loved.
Mama, Is that so much?

Loretha Loyd, 12
Field Kindley High
(Coffeyville, Kan.)

TANKA

Bluejays, beautiful
Blending in with the blue sky.
In the hot summer
Singing Thief, Thief, and Jay, Jay
He is an ornery bird.

Sheila Dingman, 9
Roosevelt Junior High
(Coffeyville, Kans.)

Devil in Disguise

Fish
Silver, wet
Swims proudly around
King of the tank
Angelfish.

Terri Unruh, 8
Santa Fe Middle School
(Newton, Kan.)

ON THE LIFE OF SOMEONE NO ONE CARES ANYTHING ABOUT

I am sitting here, thinking things to write, when suddenly a title like that comes along. That title has nothing to do with the story, so it is pretty much unwelcome. In fact, I think I'll just go ahead and write, totally ignoring that title. So here goes. Once upo... t...e. Little Red Riding Thug was tripping merrily through the forest, on her way to her great aunt's house, when she met a jackal. Thinking it was only one of her second cousins with a hangover, she ON THE LIFE OF SOMEONE NO ONE CARES ANYTHING ABOUT. There is is again. How these titles keep sneaking into my stories I'll never know. Did you see how it popped out in the middle like that, instead of just coming on at the beginning like titles are supposed to? You can tell right away that this title is no gentleman. But, anyway, after Little Red Riding Thug had continued down the path a ways longer, she realized that it was really a jackal and not one of her second cousins after all. And, continuing down the story a ways longer, I realize that it wasn't even a jackal, it was a coyote. Look, we all make mistakes sometimes, and besides, it's hard to concentrate with titles jumping out at me like that. Especially that last one. Did you ever see such a stupid ON THE LIFE OF SOMEONE NO ONE CARES ANYTHING ABOUT. There it is again, this time right in the middle of criticism. I wonder if it's here for some reason. I think I'll ask it. Your what? *A police title!* What do you mean possession or illegal similes?!? I thought they de-criminalized "as cold as the insides of a duck's kidneys"! Well folks, it seems I have to go down to the station for a while, but don't worry, I'll be back in time for the next sentence, ready to resume my writing. Well, here I am again, ready to resume my writing. It seems the police title neglected to inform me of my rights. Anyway, let us revue what has taken place so far. Little Red Riding Thug is tripping merrily through the forest, knowing now that what she thought to be a second cousin, was, in reality, a jackal, while we know that what she thinks to be a jackel, is, in reality, a coyote. I, for one am not going to tell her. The coyote has long since passed, and even if it hadn't, I *still* wouldn't tell her. I don't like that kid. The last time I told this story, she mugged the great aunt. Let's just drop her, and have the coyote be tripping merrily through the forest, on his way to the great aunt's house. "As He reaches for the knocker, he hears the great aunt calling, "Little Red Riding Thug, you'd better get out of here, try and mug me once more and I'll fill you with such large quantities of buckshot you'll..." Oops. I forgot to tell the great aunt about the character switch. Oh, well, after a while they got things pretty much ironed out, and the coyote said, "My, my Auntie, what beady little eyes you have!" To this the aunt replied "As if it was any of your business, these eyes give me that 'criminal' look. People always hand over the loot more readily if you have that 'criminal' look." "My, my, Auntie, but what a wrinkly face you have there, any particular reason?", strikes up the coyote again. "Because," says the aunt, "I never scraped together enough dough to get a face-lift!" "One final question..." says friend coyote. "Why do you have a knife in your left hand?" "All the better to mug you with!", shouts the great aunt, leaping out of bed and revealing herself as Red Riding Thug. I don't believe this. What is there, a sign on my doors saying, "Come on in, folks, free beer" or something? Once you get kicked out of the story, I'd thank you to *stay out!* Oh well, I can't very well go on with the story now, can I? What gets me is, the people who butt in on my story do it just out of meanness. Their hearts must be as cold as the insides of a duck's kidneys ON THE LIFE OF SOMEONE NO ONE CARES ANYTHING ABOUT! Oops.

FINIS

Daniel J. Maxfield, 9
Manhattan Junior High

Reluctance

Slowly I button up my yellow vinyl raincoat and pull down its matching hat. The drizzling rain just adds to my gloomy mood as I walk half dazed toward home. All of the thoughts of the past crowd my mind as I realize that I have reached the end of my childhood. I can remember the days of playing games on my way to and from school. It seems so clear, my jumping from square to square on the sidewalks, carefully not stepping on the cracks, and running from the girls with their dreaded "Kooties."

Then my mind says that even if I could go back, maybe it wouldn't be the same. I'm now too old for kids' games, now that I have an education.

Stopping at the corner of the first block, I switch the important papers of the past year, which are under my raincoat. Careful in the transaction from one hand to the other, I keep the rain from getting its damp grip on them. Walking a few more yards, I think of the future. What to do now, how to spend my free time, and what to do next year all seems to flow together. The more thinking I do about the future, the more depressed I become. How I wish time would reverse itself, at least back one year!

With only one block left on my route home, I slowly turn around. Allowing the rain to spit in my face, I take one last look. I know I'm too old, but my eyes begin to swell with tears anyway. At the back of my mind I convince myself that the next year will be even better. Turning around, I quickly clutch my papers and wildly dash toward home.

As I reach the porch I am convinced, first grade has to be better than kindergarten.

John Chlebak—
Salina High, South

The Sock That Changed Our Sentences

Back in the time of 1651, there lived a man by the name of Bartholomew Commano. He was a composition teacher at Harvard University and was terribly frustrated because he wrote l o n g sentences and never had enough breath left to finish them.

In the late afternoon of July 23, 1651, he was sitting at the kitchen table looking out the window at his wife pinning clothes up on the line. She had pinned a sock in the middle of the line to separate the two sides. It served as a kind of stopping place in the line. Then, the light hit him. If the sock she used served as a stopping place, why couldn't he use one like it in his sentences for the same purpose! He wrote down one of his many l o n g sentences. Each place that he needed to take a breath, he put a little mark resembling the sock. Next, he had to think of a name for his invention. He'd name it after himself! Once he heard it, though, Commano sounded too lengthy and hard to say. Instead of thinking of a totally new name, he decided to take the last two letters off his name and use that.

"Comma," he said. "Comma. I like that!"

And his invention and its name have been giving people all over the world a chance to catch their breath when speaking ever since.

Mary Stewart, 8
Manhattan Junior High

CINDERFELLA

Once upon a time, there was a very good-looking young man who was completely dependent on his stepfather. His mother, who had been a widow, had remarried and just recently died. So Cinderfella, that's what everyone called him because he was always cleaning the fireplaces, was completely dependent on his wicked stepfather.

Not only did he have to cater to his stepfather, he also took care of the house and did his two stepbrothers' work just to earn his board. And his stepfather had this fetish about having a spotless fireplace, consequently causing Cinderfella to earn his name.

One day there was going to be a terrific horse and buggy show at the town square. Cinderella wanted with all his little ole' heart and pea brain to go to the horse and buggy show that day. Not only were there going to be horses there, but the princess herself was coming to pick a lucky guy for a date. Cinderfella wasn't sure whether he wanted to see the princess or the horses more, but he did know that he just *had* to go.

But that was the day after his stepfather's big barbeque, and the fireplace needed a big cleaning. Of course, his stepfather and stepbrothers were going to the horse and buggy show, but there was work to do so Cinderfella had to stay home and do it.

He was quietly sobbing on the hearth when his fairy godfather (not to be taken literally) appeared in the room. Cinderfella was astounded, but when the fairy godfather aimed his magic pistol at the fireplace, shot it, and the fireplace was instantly clean, Cinderfella was a little less fearful.

The fairy godfather then spoke. "Now you are free to go to the horse and buggy show."

"You've got to be kidding," Cinderfella said. "I haven't any new clothes, my hair's a mess, and besides, I'm ashamed of my feet, they're too big."

"O.k., o.k., one disaster at a time," the fairy godfather replied. One shot from his magic pistol and Cinderfella's clothes were fit for royalty. Another shot and his hair was just perfect., "I'm not sure about the feet. How about a nice pair of shoes to cover them up?"

Cinderfella was completely confused by this time, but he managed a weak, "Sure," in reply.

"Well, do you have a rough estimate of your size, or am I supposed to waste all my magic bullets shooting the wrong size shoes?" the fair godfather asked.

"Try a size 19 triple E," Cinderfella said. The fair godfather did, and they were a perfect fit. The only problem was that they were comparable in size to gunboats, but that couldn't be helped.

"I'd hate to walk there and scuff up these new shoes," Cinderfella said.

The fairy godfather heaved an exaggerated sigh, aimed his magic pistol at the kitchen table, and fired. Instantly there was a thoroughbred horse standing in the kitchen. This was just about enough to make Cinderfella go off the deep end.

"O.k., are you listening?" asked the fairy godfather. "You've got until the last horse race today to be home. The second the last lap is taken, this horse is a table again and those clothes will change back to rags."

So Cinderfella happily rode off to the horse and buggy show. He had about three hours to go before the last race so he planned to have fun.

When he got there, there was an enormous crowd standing around a big buggy. Cinderfella figured he had better check it out, so he tied up his horse and walked over.

But the crowd wasn't interested in the buggy: the princess had fainted, and everyone

was trying to help her. It was really hot that day, and someone suggested that she be moved to a shadier, cooler place.

The only problem was that there weren't any large trees around, just small bushes and weeds. So Cinderfella got a gallant idea. He took off his right shoe and held it over the princess. It was so huge that it cast a shadow on her. After a few hours under it, she felt a little better.

Cinderfella and the princess were talking and having a good time when the princess said, "Oh, it's the last race; my dad's horse is running in this one!"

When Cinderfella finally got the idea that he only had a few minutes to go, it was almost too late. Dropping the shoe, almost on top of the princess, he rushed over to the horse and jumped on.

The princess was calling, "Hey! Come back! I didn't get a chance to thank you!"

But he was gone in a cloud of dust, leaving her with only a shoe. The princess vowed to find him, by using this shoe, because how many men wear a shoe that size?

Cinderfella was riding furiously home because if he didn't get that kitchen table home, his stepfather would be mad. But, halfway there, he found himself straddling the kitchen table in the middle of the road. At first he sat there with a look of astonishment, but he snapped out of his daze, picked up the table on his back, and lugged it the rest of the way.

In the days that followed, he was too busy working to even think of the horse and buggy show or even the princess. His stepfather and stepbrothers were so lazy, expecting everything to be done exactly right.

One day, a beautiful buggy pulled up in front of the house. Cinderfella was busy in the fireplace, as usual, but he knew it was the princess and that she was trying to find the owner of the shoe. She had been searching for a long time because he was the nice guy who helped her that day and deserved to win the date with her.

One of the brothers tried it on, and his foot was obviously about six sizes too small. So the other one, being excited by seeing the princess, went out and started hitting his foot with a sledge hammer, to make it swell up. But his foot was still about four sizes too small.

By this time, Cinderfella heard all the commotion and had extracted himself from the fireplace. The princess saw him coming over and was so turned on by his muscular build and handsome features that she was about to give him the date whether the shoe fit or not.

But being a very fair person, she held out the shoe for him to put on. And to her surprise, it fit! This came, of course, as no surprise to Cinderfella, but his stepbrothers about passed out when they realized Cinderfella had a date.

The princess formally invited him to her castle to fit him with a new outfit to wear on the date. In the months that followed, they fell in love and later were married.

Kathie Easom, 10
Pittsburg High

SUMMER

Summer is the time
When the sun wakes up early
And goes to bed late

Pam Bissey, 8
Manhattan Junior High

MYSTICAL STONEHENGE

Standing imposingly on the lonely Salsbury plain in south central England is stonehenge, a giant megalithic structure which has been Europe's major archeological point of controversy since the beginning of written history. Throughout the ages, theory upon theory has been suggested to explain the numerous questions raised about this monument. This article will deal with perhaps the three most frequently posed questions: (1) How was it built? (2) By whom was it built? (3) For what purpose was it constructed?

It is believed that Stonehenge was constructed in several stages over a period of 400 years from about 1900 BC to 1500 BC. It is made up of several kinds of stones, but the structure is dominated by Bluestones. This is, perhaps, one of the most fascinating aspects of Stonehenge because there are no Bluestones of this type in England, and there never have been. Approximately sixty stones, each weighing up to fifteen tons, were transported from Pembrokshire, Wales, which is a distance of more than 200 miles. After carefully analyzing all possible routes over which the stones may have traveled scientists have concluded that a combination of land and water travel brought the stones to their resting place.

But who were these people who were so obsessed with building Stonehenge. There is now little doubt left that different tribes and clans of late Neolithic and early Bronze Age Britian carried out the different phases of construction of Stonehenge, but who designed this massive structure and for what purpose? The answer to the first question was discovered in 1953 by Professor R. J. C. Atkinson. While photographing Stonehenge, Atkinson stumbled upon an embedded carving of a hilted dagger of a type made in Mycenae, Greece, and only during a period between 1600 and 1500 B.C. This, along with about 25 other subsequent such findings, has emerged as the signature of whoever built Stonehenge. These discoveries have led scientists to believe that the "architect" of Stonehenge was Greek, or of Greek origins.

Probably the most intriguing question, however, is why in the world was this bunch of rocks put together? Likewise, with every other aspect of Stonehenge, many ideas concerning the question "why" have been formulated. Until recently most scientists believe that Stonehenge was a Pagan Temple of some kind or a sacred crematorium.

But in 1963, with the aid of a computer, Dr. G. S. Hawkins superimposed some of the possible alignments made by pairing different positions of Stonehenge's stones upon calculations of astronimical events adjusted to the year 1500 B.C. Hawkins discovered that there are no less than 32 alignments of Stonehenge objects toward significant positions of the moon and sun. Stonehenge was evidently used as a giant outdoor computer that was able to predict the changes of season as well as serving as a reliable calendar.

The theory that Stonehenge was used as an astronomical observatory is now the most widely accepted theory. However, close analysis of Professor Hawkins' theory leads some to speculate further. Jacquette Hawks, a British archeologist concluded that there wasn't an argument strong enough or consistent enough to disprove the theory that Stonehenge was used as a sanctuary and its building was purely architectual not mechanical.

The fact that a great part of Stonehenge is still elusive is perhaps why the world holds such a great fascination for it after almost 3,500 years. This unique monument which Henry James said, "stands as lonely in history as it does on the great plain," has guarded its secrets well.

Dave Lukens, 12
Hutchinson High

AT THE FUNERAL

I remember the funeral
from my childhood.
At the church
everyone was there.
All you could hear was people crying.
Everyone had a sad face.
He was in a coffin
his skin was as white as a ghost.
When I went by
I remember everything we did together.
My grandfather was just lying there.
After church services were over
we went to the graveyard.
It was cold and cloudy.
The dirt was wet.
The funeral started.
I heard people crying through the funeral services.
After the funeral everyone left
but me.
I stayed and watched them
cover him with the dirt.
While they were doing that
I whispered,
"I love you now and I always will."

Mary McGee, 8
Maize Junior High

"THE TRAP OF STARVATION"

The child is small but not young,
he has never known happiness,
never heard laughter,
The walls of hunger close around
him without an opening.
He is trapped in his pain;
for him is no escape.

Betteanne Iandolo, 8
Manhattan Junior High

THOUGHTS FROM WAY OUT IN RIGHT FIELD

"Gonkleton . . . Gonkleton! Does anybody know where Gonkleton is?"

"Here he comes Coach Nails," I piped from the bench. "He's walking this way."

"Gonkleton! Get over here! Where in the hell have you been?"

"A bug," stated Gonkleton. "I was following a bug. I think it was a member of the Coleopatra family."

"Oh Christ. Gonkleton, we are playing a baseball game. This is not a field trip! Do you understand?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. Now listen close. You are going to play right field the next two innings. Got it?"

Yes sir. Right field, where I always play."

"That's right. What are you going to do if you get up to bat Gonkleton?"

"I suppose I will bat, sir."

"No! No! No! Gonkleton you will not bat. You are going to stand there. You will not swing."

"Yes sir."

Coach Nails produced a handkerchief and wiped the nervous sweat from his brow and continued. "Let's try one more question. How many hands do you use to catch a ball?"

Gonkleton's face looked troubled. "Hands?" he questioned. "Sir, my father just bought me this glove and I . . . I thought . . . well . . . I thought I would use the glove, sir."

Coach Nails' shoulders sagged, his eyes closed, and his mighty fingers curled into a fist. Defeated, he mumbled, "Gonkleton, Gonkleton, what am I going to do with you?"

"I don't know," said Gonkleton. "But don't ask my father — he doesn't know either."

As I sat on the bench, working the leather of my glove and listening to this conversation between my teammate and my coach, visions of Gonkleton dropping a lazy pop fly and losing the game overwhelmed me. In a panicky voice I blurted, "Coach, you can't put Gonkleton in now."

Coach Nails grabbed my arm and led me away from the others. "I have to put him in," he explained in a low voice. "It's a league rule: every boy has to play at least two innings. Besides, he'll be in right field, and if everything works out he won't get up to bat."

Every little league baseball team has a "Gonkleton." Physically, he is far behind the other children of his age. His lack of coordination turns the act of catching or hitting a baseball into a frustrating, sometimes terrifying battle. Furthermore, what little talent and interest he may have is discouraged and blunted by two simple coaching tactics. First, the coach puts the player in right field where the odds are against a ball being hit. Second, the coach places the player far down in the line-up where there is little chance he will be able to bat before the mandatory two innings of play are over.

Eight years have passed since I played my last little league baseball game. Only recently, however, have I totally rid myself of the negative feelings I had held for children like Gonkleton.

While I waited outside the bathroom door of a McDonalds restaurant, I pondered absentmindedly as to the number of words one could create from the word "MEN." I was snapped out of my daze when a small boy exited from the bathroom. He glanced at me from behind domineering, heavy duty, black rimmed glasses with tick lenses that amplified

the largeness of his brown eyes and cowered his small upturned nose. His facial features and body were similar — sharp and delicate. From beneath his white and orange baseball cap fell fine, straight, black hair. In his manicured hand he carried a stiff and shiny baseball glove.

Impulsively I asked him, "Did you win?"

He twitched nervously before answering, "Yes."

"What was the score?" I inquired.

"36 to 21."

"How did you do?"

"Well," he hesitated uncomfortably, "I only played two innings."

"What position did you play?"

"Right field," he replied.

Although I knew what his answer would be, I asked him "Did you get a hit?"

The little boy looked down at his tennis shoes then replied, "No, I didn't get up to bat."

He walked past me, and I stood staring blankly at where he had been. Then I spun quickly and raised my voice, "Hey, I was wondering. Did you have a good time?"

At the sound of my voice he turned and raised his professional face; his eyes looked past me and he was quiet for a moment. Finally, he shifted his eyes onto mine, slowly shook his head from side to side, and quietly left me.

Matt Bova, 12
Hayden High
(Topeka, Kansas)

HAIKU

NIGHTMARES OF SPAIN
A child of no age
In a home that is not there
cries out in my dreams.

Betteanne Iandolo, 8
Manhattan Junior High

Rats

Glowing eyed rats
Eating garbage
In the alley,
After the garbage is taken out;
Too many dirty slums!

Carolyn Tsen, 8
Manhattan Junior High

We interupt this program to bring you the following special report —

FATHER VS. DAUGHTER

The play-off began when a surprise attack was made on the defensive side which sparked the offense into action. We have here an instant replay of that "attack". As the film begins, we see two people walking down the hall of an average American high school.

"Hey, Jill, could I talk to you for a minute?"

"Sure, jack, what's up?"

"Well, I was just kinda wonderin, well uhh, would you like to go out with me Friday night?"

"Oh, Jack. I'd love to, I thought you'd never ask! I'll have to ask my father first though."

"Okay, I'll talk to you tomorrow then. By the way, you have beautiful eyes!"

"Oh, Jack!" Jill blushed slightly and walked off down the hall to her next hour class.

That night when Jill heard her father's car drive in she was instantly on her best behavior. "Hi, Daddy, boy am I glad to see you. I missed you all day! Come sit down and relax, you look tired. Is that a new suit? It makes you look so young and handsome! And that tie, it's gorgeous!"

"You gave me this tie for Christmas," her father said as he picked up the newspaper and sat down in his Lay-z-boy.

Oh ya, well I'm sure it's only because it's on you that is looks so good. Nobody else could make that tie look decent!" After a slight pause Jill said. "Hey, Daddy, do you remember when I introduced you to Jack at the chile supper last summer? . . ."

"No."

"No what?"

"No you can't go out with Jack!"

"But I haven't even asked you yet, maybe that's not even what I was going to say."

"Okay then, what do you want?"

"Well, I was just going to tell you how Jack is on the honor roll, and that he's the best football player in the whole school, and that he's got a good respectable job as a carry-out at Herman's Market, and all the teachers like him, and he wants to know if he can take me out Friday night!"

"I had a feeling you were coming around to that and if I've told you once I've told you a million times, no!"

"But, Daddy . . ."

"No buts, now go to your room an do your homework!" With that, Jill burst into tears and went into her room and cried all night — out loud.

Well Jill's dad may sound pretty tough on the outside, but way down deep inside, he's a sucker for tears. So at about 10:00 that night he went into her room, put his arm around her and said, "You know, Jill, I may sound pretty tough on the outside, but way down deep inside, I'm a sucker for tears." So that's what did it. Jill got to go out with Jack.

They went on a picnic and had a wonderful time until they ran out of water. Luckily, though, there was a well at the top of a nearby hill. So hand-in-hand they went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Unfortunately, Jill stepped in a pot hole, falling down on her knees into the bucket of water. This tripped Jack who then rolled down the hill and cracked his head open. Jill went tumbling after.

Jack is reported in good condition at St. Ethel's Hospital where he is being treated for minor head injuries and two broken ribs. Jill was also taken to St. Ethel's where she was diagnosed as having a twisted ankle and water on the knee.

We now return you to your regular scheduled program.

Karen Esau, 10
Berean Academy
(Elbing, Kansas)

Cindy Rella

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Cindy Rella, whose parents were divorced. She was a beautiful little girl with curly blond hair, big blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. She lived with her father in a big white, roomy house at the end of a twining road on top of a hill.

Several years passed and Cindy grew into a teenager. Over a period of weeks, Cindy noticed that her father wasn't the same as before. She confronted him about this and he revealed that he had met a woman. He had decided to ask her to marry him soon. He asked Cindy what she thought about a new mother and two sisters. Cindy wasn't too wild about this prospect, but she decided, "Oh, what the heck. I'll give it a try."

There was a small wedding and reception. Cindy's new mom, Lavelle, and her two daughters, Lalona and Vanessa, settled into their new atmosphere. All was going smoothly when Cindy's father was switched from a local salesman to a traveling salesman in his company.

After he left Lavelle changed from "dear, sweet, Mother" into "cheap, stingy, old bag." She made Cindy give all her pictures and records of the Bee Gees, Peter Frampton, and Andy Gibb to Lalona and Vanessa. And worst of all, they bought Lalona and Vanessa's clothes at The Clothes Tree and Cindy's at the neighborhood Thrift Shop. Cindy had to do all the housework while the old bag sat on her fat royal and watched *As The World Turns* and other soap operas.

Then one day a new boy moved in down the street. All the girls loved him. He was tall, dark, polite, and smart. The kind of guy all girls dream of when they are sixteen.

He announced one day that he was going to have a party. It was to have a live band and lots of food and drinks. Cindy hoped and prayed she would get an invitation. One day when the mail came, she ran to get it, and there was an invitation. But Lalona and Vanessa received invitations also.

She was all prepared to leave for the party, (she had even bought a new pair of jeans behind Lavelle's back) when Lavelle said she couldn't go. She hadn't done the housework right. Cindy glared at Lalona and Vanessa as they danced out into the night. Lavelle went to a Tupperware party so Cindy was home alone. Just as she started to dust she heard a quiet, little voice say, "Cindy." Then right before her eyes evolved a lady. She appeared to be a normal person, but was different somehow. She spoke again in a quiet voice, "Cindy, I'm your Fairy Godmother."

Cindy replied, "Oh, come on, that's the oldest excuse. What are you doing in my house?"

"I really am your Fairy Godmother." To prove it she showed Cindy her license.

679246 July 7, 1977

This certifies that

Terry Godmother

may practice Fairy

Godmothering for

Susan Scott

Kristi Ryan

Cindy Rella

Expires Aug. 8, 1988

Cindy said, "O. K. I believe you, but can you fix it so I can go to the party?"

The Fairy Godmother waved her wand and chanted, "Wet windy warty. Let Cindy party," and there stood Cindy in the most wonderful outfit ever made. The Godmother waved her wand once again and, lo and behold, there sat a black Trans Am with a chauffeur at the wheel. "I'll warn you only once. Be home at twelve midnight for that's when the spell dies," said the Fairy Godmother, and she was gone in a puff of smoke.

When Cindy arrived at the party Rob (the new boy) asked her to dance and they spent the entire evening together. But then the clock struck twelve. As Cindy ran to the car she lost a shoe, but didn't dare go and retrieve it. Rob searched the neighborhood for the owner. (After all, what can you do with one left shoe?) Finally he came to Cindy's house. Lalona and Vanessa both tried the shoe on, but try as they would, their big, stinky feet wouldn't fit. Then Cindy tried it on and both she and Rob knew they should be going steady. They went together for the rest of high school and eventually lived together happily ever after.

Jennifer Hawthorne, 9
Salina South High

Comin' Out in Style

After 2 long years and $15,000 dollars, it was ready. My Ford "Frog" was a dream come true. The chrome bumpers, exhaust stacks, and wheels shone brightly in the midday sun. The glossblack trunk showed beautiful reflections of passing scenery. The Thrush exhaust rumbled mellowly as I proceeded to gain speed. My stereo piped music into the Jensen speakers creating a melody beautiful to my ears. The 4-speed moved smoothly into 4th gear as the engine demanded to be shifted. My 6 MC roots type blower could be seen through the hood scoop; it appeared to be relaxed, just cruising. My blinker flashed as I pulled into the passing lane. I passed cars as if they were standing still. This truck had to be perfect, like a new style of clothing being modeled for the first time, this was its debut.

I arrived in the city as the setting sun highlighted every flare and curve in its shiny black armor. The suede bucket seat hugged me in reassurance that we would steal the show tonight. The foot-wide tires began their singing, next jumped in the exhaust stacks, then the stereo. They combined into a sound that turned heads and opened eyes. I just had to give it a little extra gas after I moved into third gear. The girls were all smiles and the guys gazed in awed amazement.

The first test of my ability and the truck's came not too long afterward. A tough looking Dodge "Power Wagon" dared me to take the challenge. That Dodge knew it was up against somethin' awfully tough by the look of the hood scoop.

We eased up to the stop light. A quick punch to the accelerator brought the beast back under control. The light flashed green. My blower took off screaming, with the exhaust roaring. I was scared at first but soon realized the Dodge had been blown away. I shifted into third when the tach hit the red line; immediately I began to laugh with joy. I had won my first race. I backed off the increasing pace, a proven winner.

On my way home I could not help congratulating myself for my tremendous debut. The miles went by quickly as I listened to the beautiful music of one tough truck.

Dan Schmidt, 11
Chapman High

"D-I-V-O-R-C-E"

The stereo droned on endlessly as Tammy Wynette sang "D-I-V-O-R-C-E." The floor was cluttered with evening newspapers, and Brenda leaped around in the dimness of the front room trying to expand a little of the chemical energy she had just stuck down her throat. Mother must have been at a party or maybe at work.

Dodging Brenda, I walked to that wretched stereo and listened as Tammy slurred to silence. And not liking the silence, I clicked on the t.v.

Brenda began to pace the short hallway banging the bedroom doors on the way. I tried not to hear. Soon she began to murmur something about slimy little men. I thought to myself that I was really the babysitter—not Brenda. I watched her walk to the kitchen, hoping she would eat something and shut up.

Soon she emerged from the other room holding a knife in her shaking hand. She stabbed at the curtains, the floor, the fish tank, and even the door, all the time whispering something about getting rid of the little men before Mom got home. I watched, silent, as she stabbed her hand and fell to the floor weeping. I hoped it would be the last time but knew it would not.

After a moment, I helped her to a bed in Mother's room because I knew Mom would probably be home tonight. I then undressed, preparing myself for what would not be a peaceful sleep!

Michelle Gibson, 10
Hutchinson High

I See

You grew so far away
In strange lands
With big numbers.
Your land was uninhabited, except for you.

You played alone in blackness
Shiny with tears.
You had no stars in your black sky.

No stars, or beauty.
So you cried there . . . alone.
We never once offered you our hands, or shoulders.
We never once looked into your heart to feel your pain.

Many times we threw our arrows into your armorless chest.
We caused your pain, and now we know.

I know now.
I witnessed your death, and I see.
I see.

(Written after the suicide of a classmate.)

Vicki Cooper, 11
Chapman High

THE THEFT

George Atraman was troubled.

No simple matter. In fact, very bothersome.

He'd always prided himself on his cool, level-headedness. But then he's always fought on familiar ground. Now he had been yanked away, drawn into a battle unlike any of the others, forced to face an adversary he didn't know.

They were all alike, he knew—all the men he had pushed out of the way in a dash for the top. Survival of the fittest. That's how it had been on the streets of Chicago; that's the way it was in the air-conditioned offices of Manhattan.

They were all alike. All of them. From the meanest, crustiest executive down to the lowest, penny-pinching desk clerk. He'd understood that from the begining, so be came out on top. He knew how to use them.

And why not? Why not put the incompetents in their places?

It all fit the pattern so nicely. A family—young wife, two kids. So dependable, like the picture cube on his desk—smooth, protective, predictable. So perfectly planned.

They'd never understood him. Atraman chuckled. He leaned back in his chair and blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling. Yes, he could do that now; he'd earned the rank. He lived for the battle, loved the conquests, while the others fought just to keep their heads above water. When they finally understood, he would be their puppet. But that would never happen.

It still didn't change this . . .

He put on his glasses and read the paragraph again. A few lines from a crummy typewriter stared him in the face.

"Dear Mr. Atraman. Excuse me for taking up your precious time. My father, whom you do not remember, was one of your victims. And now you are mine. I'm going to steal from you. I'm going to take your most prized possession. And I'm going to do it the day you get this letter—the twenty-fourth, if I have the mail figured right. Keep you eye on things."

No signature.

A prank? he asked for the hundredth time. No. It had just enough ring of vengeance in it to be true. Whoever had written it would follow up on it.

But who? How? The questions came; his weary mind let them take over. He didn't sort them out, just let them come.

He'd called his wife. No, she said, nothing strange had happened. She'd gotten rid of her cold, though, and the kids were fine.

After the call he'd been even more puzzled. What the hell was this guy going to steal? Would it be from his home? His office? Or would the guy be brave enough to meet Atraman face to face?

No, he doubted that last one. There was no need. It was revenge, plain and simple. An eye for an eye. Atraman understood people like that.

But enough wandering! He had to focus on the problem, get some kind of hold on it. Grab it and get rid of it.

How? He couldn't find the guy through the father. Artaman had knocked too many people out of the way. He needed a name, a solid competitor . . . not a faceless adversary.

What would he lose? He could sit in the middle of things and wait, and win . . .

But even if something *little* was taken, he'd be beaten. How could he protect himself and the things he'd won?

"Damn," Atraman cursed. He stared at the paper and threw it to the floor. His anger took over for a moment and he hurled a book across the room. It hit the wall and the binding ripped off, exposing the ugly, wrinkled pages. He left it there.

He would never find out what had been stolen, because it was already gone.

Russell Hodge, 12
Sumner Academy
(Kansas City, Kansas)

Misty Blue

The blue misty light covered me completely
I tried to turn it off, yet,
it seeped inside me
flowing and filling every crack of me
Then I became a cold, blue light
Casting my dark shadow and changing
light to dark.

Sylvia Clark, 12
Olathe High

Loneliness

Loneliness is light blue.
It smells like the damp, musty air of a cellar.
It's the sound of a moth's wings brushing against the window,
wanting to come in.
It has the taste of a dry carrot.
And it feels like holding nothing in the palm of your hand.

Ernie Rutter, 8
Santa Fe Middle School (Newton)

WHAT IS BLACK?

Black is electric
and lights up the world at night.
Black is bright.
Black is sorrow
and usually hurts.
Black is the sound of drums pounding
without stopping,
echoing eternally.
Black dies by committing suicide.

Gina Sedlacek, 7
Manhattan Junior High

View From Two Worlds

RRRRing, the alarm clock was sounding loudly and it awoke me with a startle. I turned over, looking on the other side of the bed to see if Sheryl was still sleeping. No, she was already up, probably making breakfast. "Good morning honey," she said, walking cheerfully into the room. I never understood how anyone could be so happy and awake so early in the morning. My mother was like that when she was younger. "It's a beautiful day," she said pulling open the curtains and unveiling the dramatic view of the city. As I looked out over the millions of other spires, I immediately became aware of something different about the view. Sheryl noticed it too and looked perplexed. I noticed that the air had a funny cast to it. A green smog hugged the spires making them appear even greener. "What is it honey?" Sheryl asked. "I don't know," I said, attempting to hide the fear that I felt inside me.

"Good scrambled eggs," I said as I busily ate my breakfast. "Thanks," came the reply. As we sat in the kitchen, I glanced over Sheryl's shoulder to look out of the window of our 2000th floor apartment. What I saw shocked me so that I dropped my coffee cup to the floor. The sound broke the silence that had prevaded. There, on the horizon, was a giant green cloud, swirling and boiling as it made its way across the city. Sheryl, noticing my expression of horror, turned too. Little bits of spires flew up in the air. A giant cloud of green dust enshrouded the center of the storm. We both got up simultaneously and darted for the door. We dashed down the hall where we found a group of hysterical people pounding on the elevator door. Those below us will have already seen it and the elevator will be tied up taking them down, it will never get here in time. The thought raced across my mind. I grabbed Sheryl's hand. She knew it too. We embraced and she began sobbing softly. We slowly walked back to our apartment.

I stepped into the kitchen and looked out at the giant green cloud moving ever closer. The spires that came in its path seemed to be sucked up into it and then emerged out of the dust in bits and pieces. Suddenly, the storm began to pick up speed. It was coming right at us with a deafening roar. I grabbed Sheryl and waited for death. "I love you," she said. "I love you," I repeated. I looked out at the storm and it suddenly did a strange thing. It veered a little bit to the west, just avoiding about ten spires, ours included. We burst out the door and ran down the hall. "It missed us," we screamed, "it passed us by." There was a cry of jubilance in the hall and we all embraced.

"Dad, dad, come and see how I did," called the boy. The father came outside and upon examining the yard said, "Good job son, for your first time." The boy issued a radiant smile. "You missed a few blades over there son." "Oh, I'll get them with the scissors," the boy answered, already running towards the house. The boy grabbed the scissors off the kitchen counter and darted back outside. "Don't run with scissors in your hand, young man," his mother called after him, but it was already too late, he was out the door. He came upon the few thin blades of grass that stuck above the others. "Snip," went the scissors and the grass fell gracefully to the ground.

Scott Dorfman, 11
Shawnee Mission East

Pictures

Pictures are a memory.
Why are they always remembering us
When our hair is a mess, or when
We're just starting to smile, but haven't
Quite made it.
Or when we are just as we want
The photographer moves,
Or he doesn't have it centered properly.
Maybe that's the way life is.
Never perfect,
But with the right frame of mind.
Very funny.

Terri Bettis, 11
Belleville High

Burdened

The snow
piles
heavier
as
with each
shovelful
I dig
deeper
into
the snowbank
of white
lies

Marilyn Foerschler, 11
Chapman High

Future Is Past

Moment by moment
From our hopes to memories
Our lives slip away

Ken Fenley, 10
Trinity High
(Hutchinson Kan.)

CRUMPLED AND BROKEN

Creaking stairs descend
Into the black hole.
Only a small lantern
Casts a yellowish glow
On the damp, cold walls.
Old trunks are united
In masses of cobwebs.
Old furniture lies around,
Crumpled and broken.
A nest of rats
Hides in an open trunk
Among dresses, dolls, and photographs,
Yellowed and worn with age.
A shiver of cold
Runs through your body.
So this is what happens
To memories.

Lauri Hanson, 10
Manhattan High

CINDERJIM

(from the popular Cinderella fairytale)

Not long ago in a kindgom not far away, there lived a very good looking young chimney sweep. Sounds great huh? Well the only problem was that this Mr. Macho lived with two very uncool stepbrothers and the uncoolest stepdad this side of Pluto. Everyday while the three enjoyed lounging in front of the tube or sleeping till noon, CinderJim was sent out to clean chimnies of the neighboring condos. One night when Jim returned home from a rough day's work, he was greeted with the news of the biggest bash since Woodstock. Apparently, the princess of the kingdom, the best looking chick around, was having a dynamite disco in order to choose the man whom she would bustop with the rest of her life. Well, consequently, every eligible bachelor in the community planned to attend; except CinderJim, of course.

While his stepdad and stepbrothers prepared themselves for the night ahead, Jim changed the oil in the family car. After the three had taken off in a cloud of dust, Jim sat gazing into the fire, while the lyrics of "You Should Be Dancin" played over and over again in his brain. Suddenly Jim heard hooves on the roof, (oops, wrong story). Suddenly the door burst open and a dude on a motorcycle entered the room. "What's the matter Jimbo?" asked the stranger. When Jim finished his story of how he wished to attend the dance, the stranger spoke. "Well I'm not on duty, but since I am your friendly social worker, I'll fix ya up." With three flicks of his bic, the stranger turned Jim into a dazzling, up-to-date, member of the male species. He then transformed the beat-up Ford pickup in the garage into a brand new Lincoln Mercury with 8-track indash and cruise control. As Jim buzzed off, he was warned that he must he home by 2:00 a.m., for everything would then return to normal.

The minute Jim entered the room, the fair princess in her black satin pants asked him to dance. The two took over the floor and danced non-stop. When the first stroke of two sounded, Jim stopped right in the middle of a dip and ran for the door. On his way down the elevator, he lost one of his black patent leather oxfords.

The Lincoln changed as he pulled into the driveway. Within minutes, everything transformed back to normal.

The next day the princess set out to find her disco king. When she reached the wicked stepfather's house, his sons sat about anxiously. Both faced the disappointment of not fitting the shoe. When the princess asked if there were any more men in the house, the boys began laughing and pointing to the dark corner by the bathroom where Jim sat reading the previous month s *Sports Illustrated*.

"Come here," she said, and as Jim slipped into the perfect-fitting shoe, his two brothers watched in awe.

"Let's go to my place," she said, and off they went into the sunset to find stardom on the movie screen.

WATCH OUT JOHN TRAVOLTA!

Caylene Rasnic, 11
Pittsburg High

Legend of Whispering Forest

Long, long ago in a secluded Indian village, there lived an Indian princess, who was the most beautiful child ever to be seen. She had silky, black hair that waved against her smooth brown skin, but her most beautiful features were her big button eyes and rosy, red cheeks. The eyes were not childlike; they spoke of wisdom or maybe of the sorrow to come.

Everyday this little Indian princess went to the forest that surrounded her village, and tended to the little creatures that strolled across her path. Usually, it was just a squirrel or two, or maybe a deer, but one day as she came to her usual spot in the forest, she met a unicorn. She knew it was different, but had no reason to fear it. She became entranced by its mystical appearance. It moves were so graceful . . . so awesome. As she reached to touch it, the unicorn whispered a soft, spell-binding chant for her to come sail, away into the wind, and she did.

To this day, when hearing the soft, sweet echoes of the forest, we know the Indian princess and her unicorn are whispering for us to come join them.

Lisa McWhorter, 12
Field Kindley High
(Coffeyville, Kansas)

THE SPIRIT

I am a free man.
Born to roam the land
I will take my life in stride
And rise from defeat in pride.
I will ride my life
Like the great wild buffalo.
I am free
Like the wild white stallion.
I am proud
Like the broken bones and
Spirits of Indian ghosts.
I shall always rise again
Like time itself.
I shall be present in all
That is seen or done
Like the stars of night.
I shall burn eternal
Like the wild winds on
The mountains high
I shall be free and find
The time to fly.

Robert Hosier, 10
Atchison High

I WISH

I wish
I were
a turtle.
I would be
able to live
my life
to its fullest
since I would
go about it
so slowly.

Kim Thompson, 9
Roosevelt Junior High
(Coffeyville, Kan.)

Autumn

Leaves raked into one
Great mountain only to be
Scattered by the wind.

Amy Lignitz, 8
Manhattan Junior High

School

Not far away in the shadows is the school.
My footsteps become like lead, harder to pull from the ground,
Each step taking me closer to my destiny.
Will this day be rewarding, or just an unhappy experience?
Is there any friendship for me inside,
Or shall I be an outcast, just coming and going?
I know none of the answers; only time will tell.

Kim Bobo, 9
Curtis Junior High
(Wichita, Kansas)

Concrete

Concrete buildings
And concrete minds
They're not what I look for
But they're what I find
Concrete poems
And concrete rhymes
They fit the people
They fit the times

Clark Sexton, 12
Chapman High

Sadness

Sadness envelopes me like a shroud.
Hurt and anger rage within me.
Longing is deep.
God seems so far away when I'm lonely.
People seem distant and full of thought.
Alone, I must fight my sorrow.
Alone, I must conquer its battle.
My sadness is deep.
It haunts me in my sleep.
In my dreams are symbols of despair.
My joy fades like a light.

Jenni Dunn, 8
Jay Shideler Junior High
(Topeka, Kan.)

MONEY?

I ate with a rich man the other day;
His table was grand with a fine bouquet
We spoke of nothing, though much was said,
And I left with trivia filling my head.

I ate with a poor man the other day;
He had no table and no bouquet.
We spoke of living and the meaning of life,
And it came suddenly; like the stab of a knife
That this man had what the other did not.
For some things . . . just can't be bought.

Galen Switzer, 10
Hutchinson High

The "Christmas Spirit"

Boy, do I ever love Christmas!
The Season of Love and Hope,
Joy and Charity,
Peace and Faith,
Etc.Etc.Etc.
You also get presents.
That's the part I like best.
So on Christmas day
We all get up
To open our presents
Wow!
A stereo from Mom and Dad!
A Boston album from my sister!
Just what I wanted.
Now for the present from Grandmother.
Feverishly I rip off the paper
And tear open the box and it's . . .
Underwear.
Underwear!
Gee.
How nice.
"Thank you, Grandma. I can't wait to wear them."
Bleck!
The Christmas Spirit?
Some people got it.
And some don't.

Greg Hartman, 10
Hayden High
(Topeka, Kan.)

Do I Miss Myself?

I went somewhere a month ago
I can't remember where.
I've not returned—that I know—
And I'm not sure I care.

Mary Nichols, 11
Sacred Heart High
(Salina, Kan.)

Reminisce Poem

Just yesterday,
everyone ran to see
the new neighborhood
apartment buildings . . .

Today, the condemned
sign and smell of garbage
drives people away.

Brent Ortolani, 9
Roosevelt Junior High
(Coffeyville, Kan.)

The Woman With Almost A Million Disguises

"Hey, Mom, what about breakfast?"

My words were lost in the rush of wind that always follows my hurried mother. "What a way to start off the day, eating cold cereal again." But then I thought, "She's supposed to be in hurry, she's the woman with a million disguises."

At least it seems like a million. The one that is always worn, although it might not always be seen, is that of a housewife and mother. She cleans the house, cooks the meals and even keeps her sanity with us five kids around.

Another popular disguise is her nurse uniform. She wears this well, mastering the healing of everything from bed sores to dying elderly women. But, that's when she works at a Home for the Aged. She also wears it while working as a grade school nurse. Here she takes care of minor scrapes or bumps on the head to sports physicals, health fees and everything in between.

In her last disguise she's the 'Lady in Green,' or the Girl Scout Leader. She takes care of weekly meetings, fund raising events and even camp outs where at the sight of a snake, mouse, lizard or toad she doesn't even shudder.

While she has so many occupations, while she is usually doing them all at once and while she is always in a hurry to get things done, her accomplishments in all of these things don't show it. Her work never looks hurried.

Well, there you have it, my mother, the whirlwind, housewife, cook, cleaner of the home, nurse for the young and aged, lady in Girl Scout green and most of all my mom.

Regina Estes
Hayden High (Topeka, Ks.)

The Victor

Quivering with anticipation, the youth danced around the ring. A musty odor filled his nostrils as his opponent, an older man, bounded out of the corner. The two met at the center of the ring, and their eyes locked. The youth's orbs were brimming with the promise of glory, while the man's eyes were shaded with lost hope. Breaking the magnetism, the youth's fist met its target, and his entire body felt the jolt of crackling brittle bone. He looked at his opponent, fallen on the mat. He glanced at the small audience of aging men. The glory ebbed, and despair ripped his heart.

Jan Medlin, 12
Holton High

WHEN I WAS JUST A CHILD

When I was just a child,
No more than four or five,
My Grandma would take me
To the park.
I'd run to the swing,
And she'd push me
While she sang me a little
Swing song.
And then
My swing, and my Grandma
And her song
Weren't there anymore.
Because I was a bird—
Free, and flying over the cities.
And then
The sky began to darken,
My swing slowed down,
My Grandma's song ended,
And I turned into me again.

Laurie Hanson, 10
Manhattan High

Individual

I am a high school graduating
college planning
career choosing
part-time babysitting

Boot wearing
easy going
pizza eating
disco dancing

Clothes buying
self giving
crazy acting
Individual

Melonie Loewen, 12
Moscow High

FIRE

All hell
broke loose.
The gnawing teeth
of the fire
engulfed
the forest.
A scent of
burned flesh
and ashes
polluted
the air.
The forest lies
deserted,
except for a
smouldering
fire
in an ancient
pine tree.

Daryl Cress, 10
Fredonia High

Soft breezes of sweet flowers
Rush to find their destination,
Swimming the flowing white caps
Of an old rocky stream,
Mazing through barked interlocking
trees,
Leaving some of their friends behind,
Crossing freely grassy lands,
Run down shacks
And rusty steel tracks
Where a train once trailed,
Finally reaching the turned up nose
Of a small boy
In ragged shorts and scabby knees.

Kathy Busch, 12
Fredonia High

Hate

Forming a stone wall around the mind,
Blocking out all feelings of love,
Denying all those who seek refuge in the peace and serenity
of the heart,
Its hot flames burning, destroying all hope and chance
of forgiveness.
A wretched disease, striking ill all who fall within its
deadly clutch.
Overpowering,
Crushing its prey underfoot,
Drowning its victims in a pool of tears and resentment.
Whipping, beating the backs of the soul until the blood of
destruction flows in streams forming the pools at its
feet.

Celeste Hebert, 9
Manhattan Junior High

The Great War

Today was the big day. My brother Tommy always beat me at the game "war" and I had to win today. I watched Tommy go over to his shelf and carefully pick out his men.

As I walked over to my shelf he said, "You can use only twenty-four men. I lost two."

I carefully picked out my best men and went outside. I went out to our field to set up my men. He set his up about five yards away. With a confident look on his face he set up his dirt clod fort. After every last man was set up we began the great war.

The first bomb (dirt clod) I threw toppled his fort. I quickly took a handful of men and put them close to his fort. Suddenly I heard Tommy scream, "Watch out!" I felt the dirt clod slam hard against my head and everything went black.

I woke up horrified. Bombs were exploding all around me, and dust and smoke stung my eyes. As I got up I noticed I had a uniform on. Suddenly a man popped out of nowhere.

"Colonel, I'd be getting out of here," he said. The Germans are heading this way."

Then he ran off into the smoke and before I knew it I was in the middle of a battle. I heard machine guns blasting all around me and the smoke got thicker. A grenade blew up very close—too close. It blew me over and I was temporarily blinded. I crouched down and wondered where I was.

Then another man came out and grabbed my arm and dragged me into a trench. "Sir, you could get yourself killed," he exclaimed. I looked at him speechless.

Before I could say anything someone further off yelled, "Here come the Germans!" Men jumped out of the trench. Bullets whizzed by me and bombs exploded. I stumbled and nearly landed in barbed wire. I heard a wild scream. I twirled around and saw a German running at me. I held my gun firmly and fired. The gun jolted out of my hands and smoke poured out of the barrel. The soldier flew over backwards. I picked up my gun, feeling like I could never get killed, and shot at every German I saw. I saw a German in a trench aiming at me. I aimed my gun and—"click"—it was out of bullets. I saw fire and smoke come out of his gun. I knew I was hit. Just as I hit the ground, I opened my eyes and there was Tommy leaning over me.

He said, "Boy you scared me. I thought you were dead or something. Let's call it a tie today."

Willie Scamman, 7
Jay Shideler Junior High
(Topeka, Kan.)

Swimmer

Repetitious motion
cracks
a path
through water, only to vanish once the movement
ceases . . .
arms continue reaching
grasping
one insistent body surging forward
repeatedly enveloped in the waves
persistent . . .
sure

Mary Anne Ritter, 11
Bishop Miege High
(Shawnee Mission, Kan.)

IT'S COOL

When I grow up
I can be anything I
want.
Nobody's gonna tell me

wash the dishes
clean your room
go to bed

I will turn up my stereo
LOUD
and listen to
funky music.
I wonder if I
can get a job
testing brand-new
T.V.'s.
Life will be a breeze
summer all year
after I'm gone from here.
No more private
lectures on

bad grades
late dates
unemployment.

Just a metallic
Trans Am and
party-hearty.
You only live once.
Maybe a trip to
California
where everybody's
happy.
I'll have bunches
of beautiful smiling
friends to make me
happy too.
I couldn't stand to

save money
work hard
settle down

Parents were born
paranoid.
I'll never be one.
Two-faced

this hurts me more than you
it's for your own good
we yell at you because we love you

There's nothing I can't
handle (alone)
It's cool
I like to take care of myself
Gotta run—more fun
than sittin
I wonder if mom
finished ironing my
blue jeans . . .

Julie Wilson, 11
Chapman High

Saturday Night Live

Aware of the status of metal
They hold tight to their beer cans
Careful not to tip them up too often.

Young men display their Kools
and release sparks that crack the dark like a roman candle.

Fists hide deep in pockets
Shoulders shrug and elbows touch
The shifting multitude restricts sight.

A ring forms the barrier as
silhouettes blend with the darkness.

Deliberating the enemy
A common bond pulls the partition tight.

Carefully they supress ill-timed sighs
Smoke rings burn their eyes.

One last drop of beer
clings to the rim of a can
unnoticed

One spark of a cigarette fizzles and
falls
unseen

and soon

saturday night live dies
once
again

Mary Anne Ritter, 11
Bishop Miege High
(Shawnee Mission)

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I'M FIFTEEN

A year ago, to me it seemed.
The worstest age would be fifteen.
The number, well, it's not precise.
The word fifteen does not sound nice!
So I was sure this fifteenth year.
Would be quite dull, would have no cheer.
Each day I watched the setting sun.
And waited for sixteen to come.
The time has flown into the dawn.
This fifteenth year will soon be gone.
And through my thoughts and my foresight.
I soon found out that. . .I was right!

Ann Margaret Cashin. 11
Manhattan High